

TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA

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W. W. BOOTH, EDITOR AND MANAGER

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AGAIN WE SAY—

HAVEN'T you done that Christmas purchasing yet? Perhaps with the buying of Liberty Bonds and contributions to the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. the balance for the subsidizing of Santa Claus is a bit slimmer than it was last year, but the purchasing must be done. A good many people have already done their shopping; one can tell them by that look of relief in their eyes. The first come are best served. The cream of the stores' stocks are being taken. Don't wait until the last day, when the choice is narrow and you haven't time to be discriminating. Do your shopping today and stop putting it off till "tomorrow's tomorrow."

HOLDING THE LINE.

ITALY is practically holding her own, now that her fighters have been reinforced by British and French regiments. In something like eight days of steady trying the Boches have made but slight gains of a mile or two in the mountains and the plains are still free of them. Italy is making Germany pay dearly for every foot of Italian soil she captures. German manpower is being steadily, relentlessly worn down. The allies, too, are paying the grim toll, but the allies know that next year a great army of fresh, eager fighters are coming to help them carry on, and Germany can only hope for the miracle of a decisive stroke before the opening of the 1918 campaign, and when that hope is crushed, as it will be, her war-weary people will see only inevitable disaster ahead of them.

BREAKING THE BLOCKADE.

AFTER the revolution the moderates, then the radicals, and then the extremists—so goes the history of all revolutions. And after the extremists, reaction; but not until the extremists have had their fling. Russia is following the beaten track, except that to date there has been remarkably little violence. True, there have been hundreds killed in street fighting, perhaps thousands; but there has been no ghastly program of "legal" executions. Now the dictators, Lenine and Trotsky, are in power, and Trotsky, a ruthless man and no fool in handling his own countrymen, whatever else one may prove against him, coolly tells his opponents: "You are perturbed by the mild terror we are applying to our enemies, but you know that within a month this terror will take the terrible form of the French revolutionary terror—not the fortress, but the guillotine." There spoke the man sure of himself. He will back up his proclamation with force. Kerensky liked to talk towards the end of his short reign of a policy of blood and iron, but it was never more than talk. The allies hoped against hope for the establishment of such a policy, knowing it was the one way to hold the ungainly country together; now the policy has come, but it is being put to a cause that is in effect pro-German. Again and again in the last few weeks Lenine and Trotsky have demonstrated that they control the machine guns, the armored cars, the fleet and the great bulk of the veteran armies. Russia's first congress, the constituent assembly, will be allowed to convene when there is no danger of it being anti-Bolshevik.

A permanent peace with the central powers will be concluded in the near future, and that puts a different aspect on the world war situation. The blockade of Germany, by which the allies hoped to starve her out while smashing her forces on the fighting lines, has been broken. Russia has mines, rich wheatfields, and almost unlimited labor resources, but a disrupted system of transportation. The Germans are pretty well grounded in railway management and can soon reconstruct the system. Germany will be beaten by force of arms—American arms on the west front—and not by starvation. There is talk in allied capitals of recognizing the Bolsheviks as the de facto government. It seems like an unimportant detail. Trotsky has said that formal recognition by other nations isn't concerning him very much. Recognition won't bring the Russians back into the allied fighting line, or will it halt "peaceful commerce" between Germany and Russia when the peace parley is concluded.

With no desire to be captious in criticism of the war department, it is yet only fair to the press of the United States to say that when, last Monday, every Associated Press newspaper in America published a statement that Germany was concentrating her forces for a great drive in the west, the newspapers printed it because it came in an official review from Secretary of War Baker. He now says that talk of this great drive is "bold enemy advertising." Which merely goes to show that the war department should submit its discussions of affairs first to George Creel, the man selected by President Wilson as head of the committee on public information. Then it would be less likely to say things that subsequently it might wish to retract.—Reno Gazette.

Ex-President Machado of Portugal has been gently lead to the border and instructed not to come back for a long time. Now is the time for an enterprising organizer to establish the Lodge of Deposed Rulers, leaving the office of chairman open for the next one to ride the goat—Kaiser Bill.

Senator Kenyon moves that congressmen's salaries be cut from \$7,500 to \$2,500! It was referred to committee, where it will stay, no doubt.

CLIPPED AND CREDITED.

The early Christmas shopper is on the wing. Not a bit too early to get bargains.—Los Angeles Times.

By mere waste, caused by coins rubbing one another, the civilized world loses one ton and a quarter of gold and eighty-five tons of silver annually.—Illinois State Journal.

Bulgaria, too, "has decided" to open negotiations with the Bolsheviks. The really interesting thing, though, would have been for Bulgaria to come to any other decision.—Springfield Republican.

"The Fighting Trail"

NINTH EPISODE—"THE BRIDGE OF DEATH."

As he spoke, Gwyn pushed the throttle over to the last notch. The pondering engine made the bridge creak beneath it as it tore along at full speed. In the center it seemed for a moment as though the whole structure, with the engine, must hurtle down to the river below, but by a miracle the bridge held the weight, and the engine emerged safely from the smoke at the other end of the bridge.

"Thank God, we're safe," Gwyn said, relieved. "It was one chance in—"

"Look! Look! Stop!" Nan shouted. "The chasm bridge. See! They've blocked the track."

Gwyn peered ahead through the dark of approaching night. Directly in the center of the track he could see a great, dark form loom up at the end of the chasm bridge nearest him. Von Bleck and his men had piled lumber and stones over the track. It was impossible for him to pass, and, if he attempted to break through the blockade, they would be thrown into the gulley to certain death. There was no alternative; Gwyn shut off the throttle and threw on the brakes with a jam. The wheels scraped and the engine slowed and finally stopped. It was within but a few feet of the obstruction. The old cable ferry, which was close enough to be within plain view, was the first thing to attract Gwyn's attention.

"We've got to risk that cable," Gwyn cried to Nan. "If we don't get to town everything is off. Are you willing to try?"

Nan nodded, and Gwyn grabbed the basket. It was rotten, and tore apart at his first pull. Gwyn threw all his weight on the rope. If it was like the basket, there was no hope. But it held! Nan grasped it, also, near Gwyn's hands, and, as they swung out into space, Von Bleck's men could be heard coming up the road toward the engine.

They stopped for a moment to watch the two gliding along the cable, then ran up to the engine. Von Bleck was at their head. As he approached the steaming train, the hatch of the water tank in the back of it slowly opened, and the weak, bedraggled figure of "One-Lung" emerged. He handed Von Bleck some papers which he held in his hand.

"Here are the deeds," he said. "I got them for you, but now you'll have to beat that guy to town to file 'em."

Von Bleck put the papers in his pocket. By this time his men had cleared the track of the obstructions, and they all boarded the engine and began to run across the trestle.

"You'd better be careful," "One-Lung" cautioned. "The water in the tank has run out and we're liable to explode." The driver, however, did not heed his warning, and drove ahead at full speed.

At the other end of the bridge Nan and Gwyn had landed safely from their perilous ride across the chasm. They were in a quandary as to how to proceed to town, when Causley's automobile, standing where Nan had seen it on her trip to the mine, met their eyes. They jumped into it, and a thrilling race between the engine and the auto began.

For several miles the race continued, until they arrived at a spot where the road was unusually close to the track. A bullet from the en-

gine had punctured one of Gwyn's tires and thrown the car off a balance, but Gwyn, by shooting into the other had overcome this difficulty. The engine was drawing dangerously close to the auto. Nan looked back and screamed a warning, but Gwyn could do no more. He had already been running the car at its highest speed.

Suddenly, as Gwyn was struggling to urge the motor even faster, Nan shrieked. There was a terrific explosion that shook the ground, and the engine was enveloped in smoke. As "One-Lung" had cautioned, the steam in the empty water tank had caused the boiler to blow out, and it seemed, as Nan and Gwyn looked back, as if everyone aboard the engine must be killed.

Gwyn stopped the car with a jerk and whirled in his seat to look back. The force of the explosion had literally torn the engine to bits. A great hole had been blown in the ground, and a cloud of smoke and vapor rose over the scene like a fog. He shuddered, transfixed at the horror of the sight.

It was a matter of humanity now, in spite of the fact that the injured men were their enemies—and deadly enemies. But in moments like this compassion is greater than hate.

Under the cab they found the engine, dead beside his throttle. They were still searching the wreckage when the whistle of another engine announced the arrival of the sheriff. Von Bleck they found at the foot of the embankment, a very much bruised and battered Von Bleck, but stunned rather than seriously hurt.

"I'm glad he isn't dead," Gwyn told the sheriff, "but I shall have to ask you to put him under arrest before he escapes. He and his confederates have stolen the deeds to the mine!"

Von Bleck started and sat up, the old look of cunning breaking through his stupor. He raised a trembling finger and pointed down the road.

"Arrest me?" he laughed. "Don't worry about that, sheriff. Look—there is your car. Gwyn stole it. He is a thief!"

It was a small card, but it took the trick. The sheriff knew his master. "It's true," he said. "Mr. Gwyn, you are under arrest." White with anger at such outrageous treatment, Gwyn sprang forward in vigorous protest, but Nan caught his arm and restrained him with a whispered warning. The explosion, and help would be on its way from the village.

Help did come, and very soon. The road up the mountain side was dotted with motors and horsemen before the last echo had died, and at the head of the procession came a bright red machine with a strip of flying bunting whipping in the wind behind it. Its radiator was boiling like a kettle when it drew up beside the track. The man at the wheel was "Square Deal" Hogan, a wiry little Irishman who had come to Lost Mine when it was still a municipal infant, and whose standing among the townspeople was won by the fact that he was ready to give each newcomer his hand or his fist, as the conduct and intentions of the visitor might warrant. He took in the situation at a glance.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, stepping forward.

Gwyn started to explain, his audience growing larger every minute as the rescuers arrived. Nan, standing at his side, sought the eye of each friend in the crowd, nodding

silent assent. When Gwyn concluded there was a silence. Hogan read the faces about him with growing confidence and walked out to face the sheriff. But Causley, too, had seen the swift rise of suspicion. With a wink to Von Bleck he turned to Gwyn with a smile of conciliation.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" he said. Then, turning, he almost shouted at the subject Von Bleck. "Stand up, there! Come here! You are under arrest, do you hear?"

Von Bleck rose painfully and was led to the sheriff's machine.

"The sooner he's under lock and key the better!" Causley called back to the crowd, and a moment later the car turned a corner and was gone.

"Very odd, wasn't it?" said Gwyn. "You must have hypnotized him, Hogan. But I don't understand it yet."

As the words passed his lips he choked and started. Comprehension swept over his features like a fit of pain, a realization more agonizing than physical torture. Von Bleck had the deeds! Causley had tricked him! The ownership of the mine and all it meant to the nation would pass into the hands of the enemy!

He fairly dragged Nan and Hogan to the auto, explaining as he went, Hogan, clear-eyed and determined, took the wheel. It was a race for the greatest prize on earth. They swept down the road like a flying projectile, faster and faster, and faster yet, as they struck the downgrade and rushed on. Nan's ears hummed and rang with the pressure of the wind. Gwyn shielded his face with his hands. But Hogan, his eyes narrowed to mere slits, crouched tense and motionless over the wheel.

At the top of a rise they glimpsed the car of the sheriff only half a mile ahead. They were gaining.

And then occurred one of those tricks of fate that so often twist our hopes. A little thing it was—only a woodcutter felling a tree. But both cars were on the same stretch when the final stroke went home, and the great oak began to fall across the road. It was a desperate chance, but Von Bleck was desperate enough to meet it.

"Drive on," he commanded. "More speed!" And Causley's car shot out from the swiftly descending shadow as the tree crashed to the ground.

Hogan's brakes were grinding fire as he drew up with a jolt that almost threw the occupants from the car.

They had escaped death by the merest fraction, but danger meant nothing now. The heavy tree lay like a prostrate giant across the path. Sick with the sense of defeat, Gwyn watched the approach of the other cars that had followed from the wreck. Then came a horseman—two of them. It was a fighting chance at least. The riders had hardly dismounted before Nan and Gwyn were in the saddles, picking their way over and between the broken foliage, and then dashing on up the road. But the first glimpse they had of the commissioner's office was all too convincing that their race had been in vain. The sheriff's car, with Von Bleck grinning from the tonneau, was just rolling off down the street, and Causley himself stood in the doorway.

(To Be Continued.)

ASSESSMENT NOTICE NO. 7.

CASH BOY CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Carson City, Nevada. Location of mine and works, Tonopah, Nye County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of November, 1917, an assessment of one cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to E. H. Mead, secretary, at the company's office, room 291, Nixon building, Reno, Nevada.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of December, 1917, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, January 22nd, 1918, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of Board of Directors,
E. H. MEAD, Secretary,
Reno, Nevada.

ORDINANCE NO. 42.

AN ORDINANCE TO REGULATE THE OPERATION OF AND TRAFFIC OF ALL VEHICLES WITHIN THE TOWN LIMITS OF THE TOWN OF TONOPAH, NYE COUNTY, NEVADA, AND TO PROVIDE FOR THE PUNISHMENT OF VIOLATION THEREOF AND TO REPEAL ALL ORDINANCES AND PARTS OF ORDINANCES IN CONFLICT THEREWITH.

BE IT ENACTED BY THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF NYE COUNTY, STATE OF NEVADA, SITING AS A TOWN BOARD IN AND FOR THE TOWN OF TONOPAH, as follows, to-wit:

Section I. Speed Limit.

No person shall operate a vehicle within the limits of the town of Tonopah at a rate of speed greater than one mile in five minutes.

Section II. Nottlers.

The practice of running motor vehicles with nottlers out or open is prohibited within the town limits of the town of Tonopah.

Section III. Danger and Traffic Signs.

It shall be unlawful to willfully deface, injure, move or otherwise interfere with any signs or other devices installed or erected for the purpose of directing or regulating traffic; or to fail to comply with the directions displayed upon them.

Section IV.

The Chief of Police of the Town of Tonopah is hereby authorized and empowered to erect or install traffic or safety signs in the Town of Tonopah whenever he deems it would be beneficial or advisable for the public welfare and safety and is authorized and empowered to require and order relief in case of congested traffic in any street.

Section V. Traffic On Main Street.

On Main street between its intersection with Florence avenue and Everett street and its point of intersection with St. Patrick street at Mispah avenue a vehicle must be driven on the right-hand side of the street in the direction in which the vehicle is traveling, and crossing from one side of the street to the other at any point other than at the street intersection is unlawful.

Vehicles must be parked against the curb at an angle not greater than forty-five degrees, and in the direction in which the vehicle is traveling; provided, that this shall not apply to vehicles while engaged in loading or unloading merchandise.

Section VI.

Parking within fifteen feet of any fire hydrant is prohibited and unlawful.

Section VII.

It shall be unlawful to drive or ride a motorcycle without some device or device in good working order for warning of approach. All bicycles must have bells thereon for the same purpose.

Section VIII.

Parking in front of theaters during performances is prohibited.

Section IX.

In the center of Main street opposite Bryan avenue and at the intersection of Main street with Brougher avenue and with Oddie avenue, respectively, a post not less than two feet high above the surface of the ground shall be erected, around which all vehicles in going from said Main street up a cross street to the left must turn, and around which all vehicles going into Main street from a cross street and going to the left must turn; and around either of which all vehicles going up or down Main street must turn when it is desired to reverse the direction of traveling.

Section X.

The rider of every bicycle shall turn to the right in meeting other vehicles, teams,

horses and persons moving or headed in an opposite direction, and turn to the left of passing other vehicles, teams, horses and persons moving or headed in the same direction.

Section XI.

It shall be unlawful for any vehicle of any kind to park on Brougher avenue between Main street and St. Patrick street, and on Brougher avenue between Main street and Mineral street.

Section XII.

The filling of any gasoline or fuel tank while a motor or engine is running is prohibited.

Section XIII.

Any person violating any of the provisions of this Ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and, upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not less than five dollars or more than fifty dollars, or after the third offense by imprisonment in the county jail of not more than thirty days, or by both.

Section XIV.

All Ordinances of the Town of Tonopah, or parts of Ordinances, in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

Section XV.

This Ordinance shall take effect and be in force on and after the 21st day of December, 1917.

BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF NYE COUNTY, NEVADA.

R. R. DAVIS, Chairman
THOR LINDSEY, Chairman
W. J. DOUGLASS, Commissioners

(Seal)
Attest: L. E. GLASS,
County Clerk and Ex-Officio Clerk of Board of County Commissioners.
sdv317

Do not forget to call at our places these days and look at our new-made bran bread at 5c a loaf and our special elegant boxes in which you can find the best you can ever imagine when you are wondering about what you should buy in order to make an agreeable Christmas present.

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HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

Goldfield to Los Angeles and return	\$27.75
Goldfield to San Diego and return	31.00

Sale Dates, December 22, 24, 27 and 29; return limit, January 6. Stopovers allowed.

TONOPAH & TIDEWATER RAILROAD CO.
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Outfit for the Hills

PICKS, SHOVELS, DRILL STEEL, POWDER, CAPS, FUSE, SINGLE AND DOUBLE JACKS, ALL MAN-NER OF COOKING UTENSILS, FORGES, MORTARS AND PESTLES, GOLD PANS, ETC.

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AUTO REPAIRS A SPECIALTY
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FRESH MEATS

FISH - and - POULTRY

We Handle Only First-Class Nevada Beef

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(Formerly T. & C. Meat Market)

BOSTON LEADS IN THE OFFICIAL AVERAGES OF FIELDING POINTS

(By Associated Press.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—The Chicago Americans, the team which won the world's championship, was second in club fielding in the American league, Boston, with a total of 972, being five points to the good in this department of the game. This was shown in the official fielding averages announced by B. B. Johnson, president of the league, today.

Among the "regulars," Chick Gandil, Chicago, led the initial basemen, with Stuffy McInnis, Philadelphia, second. Jack Barry, manager of Boston, topped his rivals at the keystone stack, with an average of .972. Eddie Collins, his former teammate and now captain of the Chicago White Sox, was four points lower.

The fourth member of Connie Mack's old \$100,000 infield—Baker—now playing with New York, was tied with Weaver of Chicago among the third basemen, each fielding for a mark of .949. Scott of Boston was first among the shortstops. John Henry of Washington topped the catchers.

Four pitchers went through the season without a fielding error. These performers were Walter Johnson, Washington; Earl Hamilton, St. Louis; A. J. Schauer, Philadelphia, and George Mogridge, New York.

John Collins, Chicago, lead the outfielders. He took part in seventy-three games and was four points in front of Jacobson, St. Louis, who went through 141 contests with five marks against him.